

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* That Roan shal be my throne. Well, I wil back him  
straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the parke,  
*Lady.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale  
off spleene, as you are tost with. In faith Ile know your busines  
*Harry*, that I wil: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about  
his title, & hath sent for you to line his enterprise, but if you  
*Hot.* So far a foot, I shal be weary, loue. (go)

*La.* Com, come, you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this  
question that I shal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger  
*Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trisler, loue; I loue thee not,  
I care not for thee *Kate*, this is no world  
To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips,  
We must haue bloudy noses, and crackt crownes,  
And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.  
What saist thou *Kate*, what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?  
Wel, doe not then? for since you loue me not,  
I will not loue my selfe. Doe you not loue me?  
Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come wilt thou see me ride?  
And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,  
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,  
I must not haue you henceforth, question me?  
Whither I go: nor reason were about.  
Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,  
This euening must I leaue you gentle *Kate*.  
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,  
Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,  
But yet a woman, and for secrecie,  
No Lady closer, for I will beleue,  
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doest not know:  
And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

*La.* How, so far?

*Hot.*

*Henry the Fourth.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but harke you *Kate*  
Whither I go, thither shall you goe too:  
To day will I set forward, to morrow you:  
Will this content you *Kate*?

*La.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Poynes.*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend  
me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poynes.* Where hast beene Hall?

*Prin.* With three or foure Logger-heads, amongst three or  
foure-score Hogs-heads. I haue founded the very bale string  
of Humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of Drawers  
and can call them all by their Christian names, as *Tom*, *Dick*,  
and *Francis*: they take it already vpon their saluation, that  
though I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the king of *Curtesie*, &  
tell me flatly, I am not proud *Iacke* like *Falstaffe*; but a *Corin-  
thian*, a lad of mettall, a good Boy (by the Lord so they cal me)  
and when I am king of *England*, I shall command al the good  
lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deepe, dying *Scarlet*; &  
when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you  
play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one  
quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his  
own language during my life. I will tell thee *Ned*, thou hast  
lost much honor, that thou wert not with me in this action:  
but sweet *Ned*; to sweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this  
penniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an  
vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life,  
then 8. shillings & 6. pence, & *You are welcome*, with this shrill  
addition, *Anon, anon sir, skere a pint of Bastard in the Halfe moon*,  
or so. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falstaffe* come, I pre-  
thee doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my  
puny Drawer, to what end he gaue me the Sugar, & do neuer  
leau calling *Francis*, that his tale to me may be nothing but,  
*Anon*: step aside, and Ile shew thee a present.

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Poynes.* *Francis.*

*Fran.* *Anon, anon sir, looke down into the Pomgranet, Rasse.*

D 2

*Prince.*